

## **After The Fall Or Daedalus Thinks of Icarus**

For months after,  
drenched shadows flit before  
your crimson eyes;  
memory flickers on the synapse  
of your consciousness;  
sleep slips from your grasp  
like a dove from an eagle's talons.

You recall how his eyes shone  
brighter than any sun,  
when he scythed through the air  
as if sculpted for the skies.

When he reached out a trembling hand,  
a moth drawn to a flame,  
you saw a god.  
A father too entranced  
by the sight of divinity  
to sense danger  
until it was too late.

The chasm in your ribcage  
devours all you have to give  
and more.  
Behold - the only labyrinth you cannot escape  
is that of your own making.

Slowly, you learn the cartography of loss,  
chart your way through weeping oceans  
but never quite find your way home.

**Sarah Ang**

**3<sup>rd</sup> Prize in the Young Poets Category**

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